

In my profession ? Knighthoods and
honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the
odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are
gods.

*The Battle continues ; the Britons fly ;
CYMBELINE is taken ; then enter 9 to
his rescue* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and
ARVIRAGVS.*

BEL. Stand, stand ! We have the
advantage of
the ground ;
The lane is guarded : nothing routs
us, but The villainy of our fears.
GUI. ARV. Stand, stand, and
fight !

*Enter POSTHUMUS ^ and seconds the
Britons : They*

rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt.

Then, enter

Lucius, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and
save thy-
self:

For friends kill friends, and the
disorder's such As war were hood-
wink'd.

IACH. Tis their fresh
supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely : Or
betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly.

[Exeunt,

SCENE IIL

Another Part of the
Field.

*Enter POSTHUMUS and a British
Lord. LORD. Cam'st thou from where
they made the
stand ?*

POST. . I
did:

Though you, it seems, come from the

fliers.
LORD.
did.

I